backward when thou commeſt to age, wilt thou not Jule? *it ſtinted and ſaid I.*

Juli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.*

Old La. Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Juli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre! were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower:*

Old La. What ſay you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every ſeverall lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſpes lockes in the golden ſtory:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By